

Inevitable Flirtation

By: featherx

Gogo concocts a plan that she's about seven-hundred percent sure isn't going to work.

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Chapter 1

It is when the blonde smiles at her that Gogo *realizes* it.

Of course she likes Honey Lemon - *I mean, who wouldn't?* She was practically the epitome of happiness, and she was strong enough to move a giant ball made of unknown (but most likely heavy) material around. In *heels*. If that wasn't a feat, then Gogo had no idea what was.

So Gogo thinks: What the hell do I have to lose? Oh, yeah, my dignity, our friendship, and my reputation. And also possibly my school. But hey, if nothing else, I might even have a girlfriend by the end of the week. Disregarding the fact that Honey Lemon is probably a hundred-and-three percent straight and that she's got about five different dudes crushing on her, there's nothing else I have to lose, is there?

The biker checks her phone and, mercifully enough, sees Honey Lemon's number in her contacts list. She'd only called the blonde once to ask for homework, and consequently never spoke to her via phone ever again, but now seemed like the perfect time to use it - ignoring that she may seem like a creep, of course.

But if there was anything Gogo was, she was a nerd, and nerds took risks.

Honey Lemon picks up on the third ring. Her breathless "*Hello?*" brings a small, involuntary smile to Gogo's face.

"Hey, Honey."

"*Gogo!*" The blonde cries, sounding perhaps a bit too excited at the sound of the biker's voice. Gogo tries not to get her hopes up about her little plan. "*I kind of forgot to rename you. I was pretty creeped*

out when all that popped up on my screen was some person named 'Ggggggg'. Sorry 'bout that! "

"Forgot... to rename me?"

"Oh, yeah, I was really tired when I got your number, " Honey Lemon says, giggling. "So I just kind of tapped the 'G' key a bunch of times until it looked long enough to be accepted. I told myself I'd rename your contact name the next time you called me, but... " Her voice trails off, and Gogo immediately feels a stab of guilt. She isn't about to tell Honey Lemon that she'd spent several minutes (or hours - who knows?) staring at her own contact for the blonde, debating within herself whether or not she would take the leap.

There's a cough on the line, bringing Gogo back to reality. "A-
Anyway! So, Gogo, um... Any reason for calling today? "

Shit, the biker thinks immediately. I didn't think this through.
Nevertheless, her mind runs through several excuses in record speed before she settles for (an admittedly weak) one. "I wasn't listening very much. Is there homework due tomorrow?"

"Hold on a minute, " Honey Lemon says. There's the rapid sound of footsteps, a zipper opening, and the crinkling of pages turning. "... Nope! Nothing tomorrow, at least for the classes we share. Is that all? "

The biker takes a deep breath as discreetly as possible, trying not to think about how the blonde sounded like she wanted to end the conversation quickly. "I... Yeah, guess so. S'pose I'll be going now--"

"Oh, no, stay a little! " Honey Lemon laughs, sending little butterflies flitting about in Gogo's stomach. God, she feels like such a teenager in middle school going crazy over their crush again. "I just finished my latest experiment! You remember that shampoo brand you got me the other day? "

Of course I remember, Gogo wants to say. It's the same time I realized I like you. A lot. "Mhm."

"I did some research on it and it's got this one ingredient that I definitely didn't expect to see in shampoo. So yeah, this and that happened... "

Gogo about stops paying attention to what the blonde is saying and focuses on *how* the blonde is saying it; her voice is all ups and downs, melodic and passionate, like she's one of those actresses on television. It makes the biker's heart ache to listen more to Honey Lemon, and maybe talking about something else, like sweet nothings in her ear--

"Gogo? You there?"

"What?... Uh, yeah. Sure. You were saying something about... shampoo? Or was it conditioner?"

There's a soft giggle on the other end. *"I just got to the part where almost half my table was burned off when my beaker tipped over, but if I'm boring you... "*

"What? No! No, no, I'm, uh, great. Yeah, you're a good... conversational partner." Gogo winces inaudibly; her vocabulary was worsening by the minute. After a quick second to allow herself to collect her thoughts, she continues, "If it makes you happy... that is. Keep talking. I like listening to you."

There's a short moment of silence, in which Gogo repeatedly yells curses at herself in her head for saying something ridiculous. Then she remembers that was her entire plan anyway, and so starts praying that Honey Lemon doesn't hang up right away.

Much to her surprise and relief, the blonde speaks. "*I, um.* " Another small pause, then a smile - Gogo doesn't need to see Honey Lemon to know she's smiling. *"I like talking to you, too, Gogo. "*

A few times, when there are only a few people left in the lab, and Honey Lemon doesn't feel like going home just yet, the blonde sits beside Gogo and just about talks her ear off. The biker just keeps working on whatever it is she's working on during those times, showing almost no indication that she's aware of Honey Lemon beside her at all.

So one day, when Honey Lemon leaves for home after one of those times, some jackass Gogo can't bother remembering the name of walks up to her. She can't honestly be expected to remember the names of everyone in the Nerd Lab, after all, especially not people she hates.

This particular jackass - let's call him Jack. Jack sidles right beside her and starts reenacting what had happened just mere minutes before, but this time with a much less pleasant voice. "Hey, Gogo. You know, I've noticed that Honey (and it makes the biker's blood boil to hear him call Honey Lemon 'Honey' like they're so close) goes over here and starts chatting you right up, yeah?"

When he doesn't say anything after a little, Gogo turns her head over at him and nods almost imperceptibly, just enough for him to notice. Jack grins, but it's not a nice one. "You should feel lucky, man. You got a pretty girl just sitting right next to you and you're not even listening to her? If I didn't know better, girl, I'd think you despised her--"

"Honey said," Gogo starts, nonchalantly continuing her work like it's nothing, "that she had heard from Tadashi about his younger brother, that apparently Hiro had gotten a perfect grade on a pop quiz nobody else in his class had studied for, and she said that she was very proud of him, and that she was just itching to see him soon. And Tadashi had said that he would bring Hiro here as soon as the right chance presented itself, which it should in a few days. She also mentioned that she had been feeling watched for some time--" and with this, she waves her screwdriver in the air and just narrowly misses hitting Jack straight on the head with it, "--and that she was

hoping I could help her out with it, if I had the time, like accompanying her back home and that kind of stuff."

There is a brief period of silence wherein Gogo simply resumes her work and Jack stares at the biker like she'd grown three extra heads. After a while, Jack manages a "uh", but Gogo's already packed up her things and walked out the door with a see-you to Wasabi and Fred.

She passes by Honey Lemon in the hallway. The blonde gives her a blinding grin, and asks if Gogo would like to walk her home.

[Ggggggg] [Tuesday, 15:36] *hey honey*

[honey I] [15:38] *oh hi gogo!!!! You know we're sitting next to each other right now and you don't really need to text me??*

[Ggggggg] [15:38] *nah this is better*

[honey I] [15:39] *why's that?? Also your clothes are gonna get dirty if you don't pay attention to that oil can*

[Ggggggg] [15:39] *idk but*

[Ggggggg] [15:39] *it just is*

[honey I] [15:40] *you're so cute gogo!!!! Wait i forgot to change your contact name last time gimme a minute*

[Ggggggg] [15:40] *you told me you would change your contact name for me the next time i called you and you didnt*

[Ggggggg] [15:40] *i am Very Betrayed*

[honey I] [15:42] *aww don't be that way gogo!!!! See it's done now!!!! You're not miss Ggggggg anymore*

[gogo <33] [15:43] *i cant actually see anything but ok*

[gogo <33] [15:43] *by the way did your stalker come by again yesterday*

[honey I] [15:43] *nope not last night!!!! Thanks gogo!!!! Btw i think it might be that one guy who was talking to you some time ago..... I don't remember his name but he's a real MEAN*

[honey I] [15:43] *IE*

[honey I] [15:43] *i hit send too quickly i really don't like that guy*

[gogo <33] [15:44] *oh you mean jack*

[gogo <33] [15:44] *ass*

[gogo <33] [15:44] *do you mean that jackass with the stupid hair*

[honey I] [15:45] *yeah him!!!! You think you can get him to stay away from me?? Or if i'm wrong and he's not my stalker, can you ask if he knows anyone like that? I'm really worried for you gogo!!!*

[gogo <33] [15:46]

[gogo <33] [15:46] *forgive me if im wrong*

[gogo <33] [15:46] *but shouldnt you be worried for YOURSELF*

[gogo <33] [15:46] *YOU KNOW*

[gogo <33] [15:46] *THE PERSON ACTUALLY BEING STALKED????*

[honey I] [15:47] *well YEAH but!!!! I'm scared whoever it is will go after you y'know??? I don't want you to be hurt cause of me!!!*

[gogo <33] [15:47] *i*

[gogo <33] [15:48] *uh*

[**honey** I] [15:52] gogo???

[**gogo** <33] [15:53] *its getting kinda late*

[**honey** I] [15:53] gogo it's only 4

[**gogo** <33] [15:53] wanna go out for coffee or something

[**honey** I] [15:54] *is this a date gogo????*

[**gogo** <33] [15:54] *meet you in the starbucks downtown in 10*

[**gogo** <33] [15:55] *also i'll walk you home later again k*

[**honey** I] [15:55] awww you're so cute <333

Phase Two - or what was supposed to be Phase One - is the coffee... outing. It's not a date, Gogo tells herself, not just yet.

Honey Lemon does arrive in the downtown Starbucks that Tuesday on 4:15 on the clock, having changed into a lavender dress that fades to a darker shade of pink at the hem. Gogo's already ordered herself some black coffee and had been leaning against the chair with her hands stuffed in her jacket pockets for a while, staring off into space.

The blonde takes a seat in front of Gogo, smiling brightly all the while. "Hi."

"Hey," the biker manages, looking up almost timidly. *Woman up*, she tells herself, and raises her chin to be level with Honey Lemon's - or, at least, as level as she can manage. "Glad you came."

"Why wouldn't I?" Honey Lemon sets down a mug of hot chocolate with extra whipped cream and blows on it carefully. "Any reason you invited me on your cute little date, though?" She glances up, smiling lightly.

Gogo tries not to blush as much as she's sure she is right now. *Stop calling it a date*, she mentally whines. "J'st... Just wanted to, uh, to hang out with you, I guess," she says, somehow managing not to stammer too much. With some difficulty, she musters up some of her bravery (or what's left of it) and says, "I mean, I was pretty sure three different dudes were trying to ask you out on a date, too. Looks like I was fast enough to steal you away for myself, though." She smirks, liking how it comes naturally instead of forced. Maybe she has a chance in Hell after all.

Honey Lemon has a blank - almost surprised - look on her face, before she cracks a grin as well, though red is dusting her cheeks. "Are you jealous, then? Of my..." she pauses, then giggles lightly. "My suitors?"

"Everyone's jealous of the others when it comes to you," Gogo replies, the words out of her mouth before she knows it. The blonde raises a hand to her mouth in a halfhearted attempt to stifle her little gasp, and Gogo can just *feel* the blood rushing to her face and up to the tips of her ears.

Honey Lemon lets out the softest of laughs. "You're embarrassingly cute," she says, and Gogo feels like she's just about to have a heart attack. "If you can steal me away, then that means I can keep you all to myself, right? It's like one of those bad romance novels, where the kidnapper and the kidnapped fall in love against all odds."

"You... read bad romance novels?"

"I read *Twilight* and *Fifty Shades of Grey* ."

Gogo winces. Honey Lemon nods sympathetically. "Why would you do that to yourself?"

The blonde shrugs, smiling lightly. "My brother is really bad at hiding his things."

Phase Two (or what should have been Phase One, but the phone call and the text messaging had decided to make up two parts of Phase One without Gogo even knowing) ended with the biker walking Honey Lemon home and on the lookout for Jack and his stupid hair.

For the next few days, Gogo and Honey Lemon are glued to their phones, rapidly typing on their tiny screens and sending each other messages even though they're not even on two different sides of the room.

It's something the others have started to point out; "Texting your boyfriend again, huh, Honey?" ("Well, not 'boy'friend, but I suppose...") "You've never used your phone this much before, Gogo..." ("For good reason.") So obviously, Jack has to ruin it once more. Gogo doesn't think she's ever been annoyed by one single person so repeatedly before.

When Honey Lemon leaves for the day, Gogo closes her phone, sets it down on her table, and refocuses her full attention on her project once more. She hears shuffling beside her, and raises her head, ready to chew out Fred for messing up her workplace, or to look at Wasabi like he has a death wish. Instead, though, it's just old Jack the Jackass again. For some reason, the biker isn't totally surprised.

"I--no, everyone's noticed that you've been using your phone way more than you used to, Gogo," Jack remarks. Gogo mostly ignores him, but she does reach for the screwdriver she had used to almost-hit him. "What are you doing on there? Oh, wait, I guess the more accurate question would be... who are you doing?"

Gogo nearly chokes on her own spit and swivels around to face Jack, a furious scowl plastered on her face. "What?!"

"It's obvious," Jack says, crossing his arms obnoxiously. "Practically everyone can tell you've finally got yourself a boyfriend. Who is it? Anyone I should know?"

"I don't have a boyfriend and I will never have a boyfriend. Ever," Gogo says, enunciating each word carefully as if talking to a child. (Which, she supposes, isn't too far off the truth.) "Anyway, even if I do have a partner, it wouldn't be any of your business." I mean, I don't even know your name, Gogo thinks irritably.

Jack shrugs. "'Twas worth a try." Then he stands up, so Gogo returns her attention to her work. She doesn't think she wants to see that ugly mug's face again for some time if she can help it.

There's a click sound. Gogo turns her head so quickly she's certain there should have been a snap sound.

Jack's standing there by her table, scrolling through her phone - presumably her messages - nonchalantly, as if he does this sort of thing everyday. (That sounds rather plausible, now that Gogo thinks about it.) "Honey, huh?" He says, voice a little lower, both in volume and pitch. "You two didn't seem the type..."

Gogo snatches her phone right out of Jack's hands and just barely restrains from socking him in the face. Instead, she settles for glaring at him straight in the eye and, through gritted teeth, grinds out, "If you don't want to be paying hospital bills later, you'll get out of my sight. Now."

And though she's much shorter than Jack, he visibly gulps and nods, managing a false-brave remark of "Empty threat, that", before scuttling away to his own station.

Gogo glowers after him until she has to leave.

Phase Three, the (probably) last part of the plan Gogo had so carefully thought out (read: done on a whim and maybe a little thinking). She has to make sure that nothing goes wrong, or else her life will fall apart. Well, no, not really, she supposes - not her whole life, but about... half her life? Three-fourths?

It goes to say that Phase Three goes exactly how Gogo did not mean for.

Her plan is to approach Honey Lemon and, with a few well-timed flirts and maybe a pick-up line or two, smooch the blonde right on the lips. Then it was just up to fate on whether or not she would live to see the next day.

She opens the day up with a few texts, as has become per usual.

[gogo <33] [Friday, 16:23] *afternoon*

[honey I] [16:24] *good afternoon gogo!!!!*

[gogo <33] [16:24] *i was thinking the other day*

[gogo <33] [16:24] *if you've dated boys before*

[honey I] [16:25] *umm?? Well uh you wanna take this to an actual conversation??*

Gogo pockets her phone and walks over to Honey Lemon's station, where the blonde is staring at her phone, blinking large, owlish eyes. "Honey," Gogo starts, not knowing what else she should say.

Honey Lemon looks down, managing a weak smile. "Hey, Gogo! I, um..."

"That was a personal question, wasn't it?" The biker sighs, rubbing the back of her head nervously. "M sorry. I didn't think that through all carefully--"

"It's fine!" Honey Lemon squeaks, waving her hands in front of her face (and subsequently almost dropping her phone). "I just... wasn't expecting it, that's all. To answer your question... no, not really. I guess I, uh, didn't ever really want to."

"That only applies for boys, huh?" Gogo says, feeling her smirk coming on. *Thank God, she thinks to herself, I'm still acting naturally.*

Honey Lemon flushes. "U-Um."

"Um."

"..." The blonde glances shyly to the side, tucking some golden locks behind her ear (and Gogo wants to scream because she's just so *cute*), before softly responding; "Y... Yeah. Just for boys."

"So if a girl asked you out..."

"... I wouldn't... hate it," Honey Lemon finishes, now completely beet red. Gogo wants to laugh; weren't their roles reversed the other time, during their coffee... outing?

"So hey, maybe for example, if I asked you out," the biker says as casually as possible, forcing the blood back down from her face, "what would you say?"

A smile, wider and bigger, graces Honey Lemon's red-tinted face. "I think I'd... be too happy to say anything."

And, wow, okay, Gogo hadn't been expecting that. So maybe the coming-out part of the plan went well, but she'd been steeling herself for a solid rejection or to be friendzoned (like Tadashi, that poor guy). But, wow, had that just been a slightly-less-than-subtle confession? Gogo had most definitely not been aiming for that, but...

"Gogo?"

The blonde's face effectively snaps Gogo out of her little trance. Blinking disorientedly, she looks back up at Honey Lemon, who's somehow managing to smile both with concern and confusion. "Ah? D-Did I say something wrong, or...?"

"No, no, nothing... nothing wrong," Gogo mutters, picking at a loose thread on the edge of her jacket. "I mean... that was..."

"Too sudden a confession?" Honey Lemon suggests.

"Yeah, that." The biker nods. "I... um..."

"Lost your thinking?" Giggling slightly, Honey Lemon carefully reaches for Gogo's free hand and entwines their fingers together gently. "You're so cute, you're going to give me diabetes," she hums.

Gogo is fairly sure she's going to enter cardiac arrest when a disgustingly familiar voice yells out, "I knew it!"

Both turn around to look at the source of the voice, who not-so-surprisingly turns out to be Jack. *Of course*, Gogo thinks, biting her lower lip out of habit. She's just about ready to stomp over to him and clobber the guy before he opens his mouth again. "Never pegged the two of you to be a pair of dykes. Well, I had my suspicions with you, Gogo, but Honey? Color me surprised!"

"Dykes?" Honey Lemon says before Gogo can make sure Jack will never be able to reproduce again. "Hey, Mister, why exactly do you have to refer to us as dykes? That's quite the rude word."

"Yeah, well--!" Jack sighs, then shakes his head in a what-can-you-do way. "All you faggots are just the same anyway, being disgusting in plain sight."

"Faggots? Disgusting?"

"Yes!" Jack exclaims, sounding exasperated now. "Boys can't like boys, girls can't like girls. It's simple! Why can't you wrap your little head around it?"

"Why can't they?"

"Because--!" Jack sighs, irritation lacing his voice. "You know what? I give up. Go be filthy little lesbians by yourselves. Just don't blame me when you're in Hell."

"The only one going to Hell here is you," Gogo snarls, anger dripping off of her voice like poison. If looks can kill, the glare she's sending Jack should have already sent him to his grave ten times over.

Jack shoots them a disheartened glower, then tromps away angrily.

Gogo's still staring at the door with distaste until Honey Lemon pokes her cheek. "Gogo," the blonde sings, rubbing soothing circles on the back of Gogo's hand, "I'd like to continue our conversation in the downtown Starbucks. What about you?"

The biker pauses, the realization that *Honey Lemon likes her* just now crashing on her. Before she can respond with a coherent answer, however, Honey Lemon's lips have already brushed against her cheek, swift and light and fluttering as she whispers, "Meet you there in ten."

Gogo walks Honey Lemon home, even if her mysterious stalker doesn't seem to be present anymore. The blonde thanks Gogo for it when they arrive at her doorstep, and as Gogo's about to leave, Honey Lemon grips her shoulders, turns her around, and closes the distance between their lips.

Needless to say, Gogo stays over for the night.